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LADIES' WORK.

ABOUT fifteen years ago, or perhaps rather more, the female part of the community became possessed with a mania for the fabrication of sundry insubstantial articles, which now go under the general appellation of ladies' work. A gentleman would come home to dinner at his usual hour, in the expectation of seeing the table-cloth laid, when, instead of any such blissful vision, he would find only an array of cuttings of Bristol board, hardening into card-racks or Chinese pagodas. He would stir the fire, "as oft he had done before O," when suddenly he would find the frantic grasp of wife or daughter at his rash hand, if not his throat, while a startling wail informed him that he had completely destroyed either a pot of melted sealing-wax or a cruet of gum-arabic. He would lift up his eyes in the evening to the drawing-room chimney-piece, and remark, with astonishment, that, instead of the elegant china vases or glass chandeliers which formerly adorned it—articles which he well recollected purchasing for no small sum to gratify his wife in her honeymoon—there was now a crowd of ineffable compositions of pasteboard and wafers, gold paper and narrow blue ribbons, bearing the shapes of baskets, or match-holders, or lanterns—ghastly inessential-looking things, fit only to ornament a house inhabited by children's dolls, or be offered as gifts to the fairies. He would remonstrate; but he would be told that he was no judge of such things. It was well known that he had the oddest tastes imaginable. The ladies' work executed by his wife and daughters, had been universally admired. Bella's neatness of hand in making pin-cushions out of shells, was allowed to be astonishing. Grace had produced some Poonah paintings of York Minster and the Eddystone Light-house, which several young gentlemen that visited the house had spoken of in the warmest terms of commendation. It was surprising how even little Susan had been getting on in knitting purses. Mamma had chiefly distinguished herself in covering card-cases with a beautiful encrustation of sealing-wax, bearing impressions of twenty different seals which had been copied by moulds of bread. It was quite wonderful how far a pennyworth of cambric paper and two or three slips of gold edging would go in decorating a house. Besides, they were turning their industry to some account in making things for themselves. They had all got new reticules, of the handsomest appearance, the prime cost of which did not exceed threepence each; and Caroline had made considerable progress in a pair of silk mits, in open work, which would be quite as good as those bought at one shilling and fourpence a pair in the shops. It was even thought by mamma that it would be quite possible to make a fine pellerine for a black silk dress of her own, out of a quantity of black bugles which had been lying for several years useless beside her. These and other like demonstrations would be poured upon the honest man by his indignant women-folk; and the result would probably be, that, merely to preserve peace, he would say no more for the present on the change of scenery which had been effected on the mantel-piece.

His wife and daughters would of course continue their operations. Seeing a strange seaman-like man one day in the lobby, and inquiring his business, he would learn that this was an emissary employed by the family to collect pretty shells on a particular beach twenty miles off. Observing a great increase in the consumption of eggs at breakfast, all the girls now taking one each, whereas formerly they had taken none, he would ask how the tastes of the family had happened to change so much; when it would be dis-

covered, though not without some little difficulty, that the object was not alimentary, but ornamental. They did not care for the contents of the eggs: they appreciated only what the proverbial wisdom of mankind has set down as worthless from the beginning of the world—the shells. And he would then observe that a peculiar nicety was observed in eating their eggs, the tops being struck off with a practised dexterity by a knife, in order that a sufficient vessel of capacity might remain, to be decorated with gold paper, and ornamented with a pencil drawing in front. On another occasion, as the mania went on and thickened, he would be surprised one afternoon by an extraordinary quietness and absence from the parlour, being allowed to read through the whole of his paper without once having a question put to him; when by and bye he would be saluted with some singular fumes, such as he had no olfactory recollection of from the days of his studying chemistry as a lad; and, on eagerly inquiring into the cause, he would discover that there was a mysterious conclave held in the back kitchen by the female community, not, however, over any diabolic caldron, or necromantic rites, but for the simple purpose of attempting to cover a wire basket with crystals. In a few minutes, the experiment would be pronounced successful, and the result produced—a paltry, clumsy, dull-coloured piece of trumpery, fit only to figure beside stucco parrots and coloured prints of Flora and Pomona in "the worst inn's worst room." Yet for this they would have the assurance to request that he would order a glass cover, beneath which it might be preserved, free from dust and damaging contact, in the centre of the drawing-room table!

The fit, if not prolonged by an injudicious opposition, generally lasted a few weeks, during which time enough of ladies' work had been produced to cover almost every thing in the shape of shelf, bracket, mantel-piece, and table, that the house contained. It then became an amusing study to the head of the house, to observe the progress of natural ruin amongst his many eye-sores. White card-racks would degenerate into brown. Gold edgings, whether plain or Vandyke, would crisp off. Gilded and painted egg-shells would vanish, as if the witches had taken a fancy to make a fleet of them. Crystalline encrustations would melt into salt water, and, in doing so, sap the foundations of the match-holders, which would accordingly be found some morning reeling in all directions, like so many drunk men, or falling Towers of Pisa. The mice, too, would be found to have commenced a critical survey of the wafer-works, and to have made sundry alterations not strictly such as a human connoisseur would have approved of. In short, ladies' work would be found to be somewhat like snow men and snow fortifications, got up by boys—scarcely calculated to survive the freak which created them. The head of the house would now venture a few cursory remarks on the handiwork of his wife and children, who, at length, unable either to bear his satire, or to demolish things which they still regarded with not a little of the pride of art, would modestly withdraw the whole, in the course of some great scouring match, and lay them by in sundry out-of-the-way drawers and cabinets. Here, next, in the course of their endless rummagings, the infantine members of the family would find them; and, led by an instinct which makes children know what is only good enough for them to destroy, would lay hold of them as fair prizes. A scene would then take place somewhat like the breaking up of an hospital for old people in a revolution. Poor broken-down objects would be seen undergoing the greatest cruelties. Things sullied before would now

be made as black as paws could make them. Dishevelled piles of shell-work would be plucked bare of the shells, and only the ghastly frame-work left behind. The grand pagoda would be reduced to the predicament of the seized *stall*, as described by Burns—

"See vile excitemen, in a bustle,
Exulting crushing't like a mussel,
Or lampet shell."

All, in short, that could be further spoilt would be spoilt, and all that could be further ruined would be ruined; and, finally, the whole would be left scattered about the parlour floor—the wrecks of what had never been any thing but a wreck, the ghosts of the ghosts of impersonated Tawdrinesses—so as to be seen by papa and mamma entering together, as if for the purpose of affording to the former party one consummate, but on this occasion silent joke, at the precious toils of his spouse and her maidens.

Such were the beginnings, middles, and ends of fits of ladies' work, as they used to affect the domestic circle alone; and, for some years, the unfortunate head of the family was the only person whom ladies' work in any way afflicted. But, by and bye, as the mania grew, it was discovered that the field of annoyance might be much extended. Human nature is such that people can scarcely give their money directly for charitable objects. If a portion of the poor be suffering unheard-of miseries from some overpowering access of disease or famine, the wealthy can do nothing to relieve them, till they have first put their hearts and purses in the way of being opened by a dance and a feast. Some ingenious wit, who had studied this peculiarity of the human character, conceived the felicitous idea that large sums might be realised, for charitable ends, from even ladies' work, if only the fair ladies themselves, and the more of them duchesses the better, would condescend to become the saleswomen. To work, then, went the ladies, with redoubled ardour, modifying Bristol card, gold paper, egg-shells, and wafers, into all imaginable shapes and no-shapes; and when an enormous quantity of things had been prepared, they were brought together into a public place, and made the subject of what was called a Fancy Fair. Stalls were erected, where lots of the work were exhibited, under the superintendence of its prettiest, or most highly titled, manufacturesses. Young gentlemen, and also some old ones, came to buy, and, as smiles from sweet lips went in profusion to every bargain, it is not surprising that the baskets and match-holders met a good apparent sale. Perhaps it should rather be said that the smiles, with which there generally went something supposed to exist in the shape of a basket or a match-holder, brought good prices. But this is merely a question of rhetoric. One thing is certain, the thing took. Fancy fairs were found to be a most efficient means of promoting charitable objects. Ladies' work therefore became a thing of vast consequence, and was universally practised. Motley was the only wear.

Some time ago, conversing with an English lady of much sound sense on the subject of these fairs, we were surprised to hear her mention, that, inappropriate as she appeared to the business of keeping a stall in any such place of merchandize, she had once actually appeared in that character, though not quite with her will. At our request, she drew up the following account of the case.

"The day alluded to was certainly the most toil-some I have ever experienced. My knees ache still at the remembrance of the multiplicity of curseys I had to perform to my worthy customers, and my tongue still feels blistered with the constant talk I had to keep up for some six hours, in setting

forth my wares to the best advantage. Up to the year 1833, I had not so much as seen a fancy fair. I happened incautiously to say so in the presence of an accomplished foreigner of distinguished literary attainments, a chevalier of the Prussian eagle, and an old and valued friend of my father. He rallied me much on my apathetic disregard of that which had excited so powerfully the amiable sensibilities of so many of my fair countrywomen, whose active exertions in the aid of various charities he enlarged upon in very eloquent terms, and finally prevailed upon me to join a party of ladies to witness the preparations for the fancy fair that was to be held in the Egyptian Hall, in the Mansion-House, on the following day, for the benefit of distressed foreigners. He was a member of the committee, and pledged himself that we should receive every attention, without being inconvenienced in any degree by the crowd, if we would but arrange to make our visit before business commenced. "Why," as Sir John Froissart says, "should I make a long story of it?" I consented. Our worthy chevalier took care that we should be in time, by coming himself to summon us at an unprecedentedly early hour for a morning engagement during the London season. But the London season was nearly over. It was in the month of August; so of course my anticipations of the company at the Egyptian Hall were not of a very brilliant nature. In fact, I did not purpose tarrying till the doors were opened for the admittance of the public; but no one knows in the morning what temptations they may yield to in the course of the day. While we were admiring the arrangement of my Lady Mayor's stand, on which the most attractive of the articles on sale were displayed, a billet was delivered to the gentlemen of the committee, announcing the indisposition of a lady who had undertaken to keep one of the stands, whereupon my chevalier of the black eagle must needs propose for me to take her place.

This motion was vehemently seconded by all the other members of the committee. It was to no purpose that I endeavoured to excuse myself, by pleading inexperience, incapacity, and want of courage. They overruled all my objections, flattered, reasoned, and entreated, and finally assured me "that nothing but an acknowledgment of want of benevolence and good nature on my part would induce them to let me off."

My refusals grew less decided. They took advantage of the critical moment to range themselves before the stand, where I had unwittingly suffered myself to be installed, and began to ask the price of "my stock in trade," as they called the toys with which it was bespread. Half in fun, I named a monstrous price for a geranium-coloured and silver purse, which I concluded would frighten away all my customers, and then I should be able to make my escape; but scarcely were the words out of my mouth, before my chevalier paid the money down, and assuring me "that there was now no retreat for me, as I had commenced business," he assisted two other gentlemen of the committee to raise the barricade which served alike to preserve my sacred nook inviolate from the intrusion of the unprivileged, and to prevent my own unauthorised retreat from my post.

The persevering chevalier of the Prussian eagle was not only most magnificent in his own purchases, but he continued to bring and send me so many gentlemen customers, that for the first half hour I was too much occupied in serving them, to be able to spare a moment's reflection on any other subject than the duties of my novel vocation. The influence of private patronage, however, whether in matters of literature or trade, be it ever so powerful in its way, can only have a temporary effect. That of my good chevalier terminated soon after the doors were thrown open for the admittance of the public, and I had then, in common with the other ladies, to depend on my own powers of persuasion to obtain custom.

It was then that I for the first time in my life began to experience the hopes, the fears, the anxieties, and the vexations, of a shopkeeper. I became a new creature. The past, the future, were as nothing to me; I forgot my own identity, so completely absorbed was I in the all-powerful excitement of trade; I was no longer — but a seller of purses and pin-cushions, screens, card-racks, reticules, and an endless variety of ephemeral articles, many of which tumbled to pieces in the hands of those who came to look and not to purchase. How numerous and annoying this class of persons were; it is still painful to remember; for the trouble they caused not only to me, but to every lady associated with me in the business of stand-keeping,

no tongue can tell, and it would be difficult for the pen even of a ready writer to chronicle.

The fancy fair in the Mansion-House differed greatly from most institutions of the kind, where prices the most exorbitant are usually affixed to the articles, and larger sums still realised, where the attendance is so good as to occasion a ready demand, and perhaps a competition among the purchasers from royal or peculiarly distinguished stands. The fact was, and unfortunately the circumstance was whispered in the room, that our fair was stocked from the refuse articles that had been left unsold at the late memorable fancy fair which had been held for the same charity at the Hanover Square Rooms in the height of the season. Many of the things were damaged, soiled, tumbled, and in some cases perfectly unsaleable at the West End; therefore they had been clandestinely conveyed to the Mansion-House, to be disposed of for whatever sums could be obtained. The gentlemen of the committee privately informed me of this, and instructed me to obtain the best prices I could, but by no means to refuse any bid that was not absolutely insulting to my feelings as a lady. Very perseveringly did I endeavour to move the hard hearts of my commercial customers to purchase my wares at something like the prices at which they had originally been marked, but the thrifty belles and shrewd matrons of the city reproached me with the previous appearance of the articles at the Hanover Square Rooms, called them "second-hand trumpery," and offered sixpences for things that were marked at crowns, and even sovereigns. Certainly the cheapest of them had been ridiculously overrated, even if they had been in their pristine brightness, which few, alas, were. Truth to tell, I would not myself have given a sovereign for all the things on my own stand after the chevalier and his recruits had made their purchases. I had hand-screens and card-racks that could scarcely be made to keep together till they should be sold; as for my taper stands, the charity committee must have considered themselves under weighty obligations to those who sent them, for they were constructed of the following elegant *materiel*, namely, the stems were made of cotton reels or bobbins slightly attached to the lid of a pill-box, which, with the rim upwards, served for a stand. The whole was lackered with black sealing-wax, and, with a waxed wick by way of taper, was considered a very ingenious contrivance, and sold readily for the sum of sixpence, without any recommendation on my part, for I was conscientious enough to caution some of the purchasers against the imprudence of making use of such incendiary contrivances. But they were so charmed with their cheapness, that my prudent hints were quite thrown away.

What useless things people will buy, if they only fancy they are bargains! This was a day of bargains, or of bargaining at any rate; for though we all agreed at three o'clock to proclaim that this was a cheap day, we found it heavy work to realise a few sales. The people swarmed round our stands like bees; but, let us name ever such low prices, they bade still lower. The secret of this was, the admission into the Egyptian Hall was only a shilling, and we had in consequence a very plebeian set of customers. For my part, I looked round anxiously for familiar faces among the company. I was more than usually affectionate to my friends, and exchanged gracious greetings with my slightest acquaintances, in hopes of drawing an increase of custom to my stand. Without boasting, I believe I may say I effected wonders in the way of sales, considering that I was alone, and unsupported in my exertions. The Lady Mayor, who had six civic ladies in waiting to assist her, had an easy time of it. She had only to bow, to curtsy, to smile, or to exchange one or two words of compliment with a favoured few, while her maids of honour performed the executive part of the business for her; whereas I had not only to curtsy, bow, smile, and exert all my small powers of fascination, at the serious risk of getting myself reported as a flirt by some jealous looker-on, but to talk myself hoarse in extolling faded frippery, wasting occasionally a guinea's worth of time in persuading an obdurate troublesome person, who came to look and not to buy, to purchase at reduced prices articles not intrinsically worth a groat. It is but justice to my friendly chevalier, and the other gentlemen of the committee, to bear witness that they rendered me every assistance in their power. They were unwearied in bringing me refreshments of every kind, but I had no time to partake of them. The ices all dissolved with the heat of the room before I had leisure to cool my parched lips with a single spoonful; the jellies and blanc mange followed their example. I was in the state of Tantalus, surrounded with good things, yet none the better for the abundance. I was often entreated to withdraw to the ladies' refreshment room, but had too much reason to suspect the *morale* of some of the shilling visitants to venture to desert the guardianship of my stand for a single moment.

At four o'clock, just as I had talked myself hoarse, and had great difficulty in making my responses audible to my customers, amidst the general buzz of the crowded room, where there was a Babel-like confusion of tongues, the city band entered the gallery over my head, and began to thunder Rule Britannia in tremendous style, "in hopes," the committee said, "of attracting more company." We had more than was good already, I thought. The music drew in a fresh influx sure enough, but I could neither hear my customers nor make them hear me; I could not even hear myself, while the double drums were rolling, the trumpets flourishing, the French horns roaring, and the musicians beating time with their feet over the region of thought.

All the sales I effected while this concert lasted, were negotiated in dumb show, and some of my best articles were carried off at an immense sacrifice, because I was unable to make my dissent audible when inadequate prices were tendered. My stand being pretty well cleared of its original stock, the committee thought proper to vote me a fresh supply of goods, and, among other interesting miscellanea, I was given some engravings of the Duke of Saxe Weimar's portrait, which had just been presented in aid of the charity by some benevolent foreigner. One of these was with some trouble suspended to the pillar by my stand, in the hope that his serene highness's round good-humoured countenance would attract a purchaser. Curiosity it certainly did attract, and that of a very troublesome kind; for a near-sighted inquisitive little man must needs pull it down to enjoy a closer view, and then, perceiving that I observed his proceedings, begged to apologise for the mischief he had done. I assumed that it was his intention to purchase the print, but he appeared quite alarmed at the supposition, and protesting "that he had no such thought, that he hated all German princes," threw the unlucky print over my stand, and made off into the crowd.

The band in the gallery now began to thunder "God save the king." This was a farewell salute to the company. The business of the day was over. The ladies who had kept stands in the Egyptian Hall came to the receipt of customs to render up their accounts. I received many compliments on the results of my day's work, but it was out of my power to make proper acknowledgments. I had taken a great deal of money for the charity; but I had lost my voice in its service, and for three days afterwards, could not speak in a higher key than a whisper.

SUPPOSED DISCOVERY OF AMERICA BY MADOC.

It was a tale
Would rouse adventurous courage in a boy,
Making him long to be a mariner,
That he might rove the main, if I should tell
How pleasantly for many a summer's day,
Over the sunny sea, with wind at will,
Prince Madoc sailed. SOUTHEY.

Is a pleasantly written volume of Welsh history for children, the title of which is quoted below,* the adventures of Madoc, and the grounds for supposing that he was the first discoverer of America, are detailed at some length. Madoc was a younger son of Owen Gwynedd, Prince of North Wales, and his celebrated voyage is supposed to have taken place in the year 1170. "After the death of Owen," to pursue the narrative we have quoted, "his sons had great disputes about the government; for the eldest, whose name was Iorwerth, or Edward, was thought unfit to be a king because he had a broken nose; and the other brothers had so much contention about the sovereignty, that Madoc, who was the only peaceable one among them, determined to quit his disturbed country, and seek his fortunes on the sea. The ancient Britons were celebrated for their perfection in the art of navigation. Madoc, accordingly, procured a few ships, furnished them with abundance of provisions, and he and his friends embarked and sailed westward, upon the wide ocean, in search of some unknown land where they might live in peace. They were many weeks and months at sea before they could perceive any thing like a resting place; but at length, to their great joy, they discerned land. At first it appeared like a cloud resting on the water; they watched it for some time, and seeing that it continued in the same place, they steered their course towards it; and as they drew nearer, they ascertained that it was really a large tract of country, and apparently fertile. Before these adventurers could land, they sailed about the coast to look out for a safe harbour for their vessels; and having fixed upon a convenient place, Madoc and his followers got out of the ships and roamed about the

* Tales about Wales, with a Catechism of Welsh History, by a Lady of the Principality. Second Edition, edited by Captain Basil Hall, R.N. Edinburgh, Robert Cadell, 1837. A prefatory letter by Captain Hall informs us that the author is Mrs Campbell, the widow of his friend Captain Robert Campbell of the Royal Navy. In the body of the work, the more striking points of the History of Wales are conveyed in a very interesting manner, with all the illustration which recent antiquarian research has conferred on them. The book may be confidently recommended, not only for children, but for persons of all ages and conditions, as a ready means of acquiring some notion of the early condition of Wales, and the principal events in its independent history.

shore to see what kind of a country they had come to. From the productions of the soil they were convinced that it would yield plentifully if cultivated; so they set to work, and Madoc, though born a prince, laboured as hard as any of them, for he had good sense and an active disposition. They cut down trees, of which they built houses; then cleared away the underwood, and made room for pasture, dug the ground, sowed their seed, and in process of time made themselves very comfortable. Madoc was very anxious that his friends at home should know of the pleasant country he had discovered; he therefore resolved upon sailing to Wales again with a few of his own people, to induce others of his countrymen to accompany him to his new home. We are told that he reached Wales in safety, and took ten ships back with him to this new continent, filled with both men and women, live stock, and many useful things; but he never returned to Wales again, nor do we hear any thing more about him in history. Indeed, Wales was so torn by internal commotions that she never gave a thought to Madoc, and he was soon forgotten.

The part of the world that Madoc discovered, was in all probability a part of the vast continent of America, which the Spaniards claim the merit of first finding out. The accounts of many recent travellers confirm this opinion; and so frequently have words been detected resembling the Welsh among a certain tribe of American Indians, that these people have been styled Welsh Indians.

The great body of the people which are supposed to be Welsh Indians, inhabit the country on the upper branches of the Missouri. They are generally called White Indians, or Padoucas. Lieutenant Robert's account of an interview which he had with an Indian chief is very curious. "In the year 1801," says he, "being at Washington, in America, I happened to be at a hotel smoking my cigar, according to the custom of the country, and there was a young lad (a native of Wales), a waiter in the house, who displeased me by bringing me a glass of brandy and warm water instead of cold. I said to him, jocosely, in Welsh, 'I'll give thee a good beating.'"

There happened to be at the time in the same room one of the secondary Indian chiefs, who, on my pronouncing these words, rose up in a great hurry, stretching forth his hand at the same time; and the chief said that it was likewise his language, and the language of his father and mother, and of his nation. I said to him, "So it is the language of my father and mother, and of my country." Upon this the Indian began to inquire from whence I came? I replied, "from Wales;" but he had never heard a word about such a place. I explained that Wales was a principality in a kingdom called England. He had heard of England and of the English, but never of such a place as Wales.

I asked him if there were any traditions among them from whence their ancestors had come. He said there were; and said that they had come from a far distant country, very far in the east, and from over the great waters. I conversed with him in Welsh and in English; he knew better English than I did; and I asked him to count in Welsh. He immediately counted to a hundred or more. He knew English very well, because he was in the habit of trading with the English Americans. Amongst other things, I asked him how they came to retain their language so well from mixing with the languages of other Indians. He answered, that they had a law, or an established custom in their country, forbidding any to teach their children another language until they had attained the age of twelve years, and after that age they were at liberty to learn any language they pleased. I asked him if he would like to go to England or Wales. He replied that he had not the least inclination to leave his native country, and that he would sooner live in a wigwam than in a palace. He had ornamented his arms with bracelets, and on his head were placed ostrich feathers.

I was astonished and greatly amazed when I saw and heard such a man, who had painted his face of a yellowish red, and of such an appearance, speaking the language as fluently as if he had been born and brought up in the vicinity of Snowdon. His hair was shaved, excepting round the crown of his head, and there it was very long and neatly plaited; and it was on the crown of the head he had placed the ostrich feathers which I mentioned before, to ornament himself.

The situation of those Indians is about eight hundred miles north-west of Philadelphia, according to his statement; and they are called in general the *Asguaws*, or the *Asguaw nation*. Among the great variety of accounts of the Welsh Indians formerly collected, some of them point out a tribe of them agreeing in situation with the above; but the main body of this people is represented as situated at a very great distance from this, as we conceive, a detached party, their country being on the upper branches of the Missouri, coming from the south-west, and are generally denominated *Padoucas*, or *White Padoucas*, in late maps; but in some early maps they are called *Mascoutas*. They are also called the *White Indians*, and *Civilised Indians*, in the United States. The Indians about the Illinois territory call them the *Mud Indians*.

These accounts are copied from manuscripts of Dr W. O. Pughe, who, together with Edward Williams (the bard of Glamorgan), made diligent inquiries in America about forty years ago, when they collected up-

wards of one hundred different accounts of the Welsh Indians. An account given to Dr W. O. Pughe by Captain Davies, seems to strengthen the truth of Lieutenant Robert's story.

During the American war of the revolution, Captain Davies was stationed with his company, among whom were several Welshmen, at a trading post among the Illinois Indians, where there came many Indians, from the westward. He was greatly surprised at seeing some of his men familiarly conversing with the strange Indians, and upon interrogating them found that they were natives of Wales, and that they readily understood the strangers, as they spoke in their own language. The Illinois called this particular people the *Mud Indians*, because they only came down at the season of the flooding of the Missouri, for want of sufficient water for their canoes in the upper branches where they came from. The articles of trade which they brought down were deer-skins, very well dressed, and preserved tongues of the same animal, which were in high request from their delicate flavour.

Dr Pughe, who relates these anecdotes, met with five different persons who had had intercourse with a people called *White Indians*, *Civilised Indians*, *Welsh Indians*, and *White Padoucas*. Among these were General Bowles and Mr Chisholm. They had never seen each other, but their accounts of a Welsh Indian family, with whom both of them were intimate, exactly agreed. This family consisted of an old man and his two sons, who had been taken prisoners by the *Cherokees* (another tribe of American Indians), and they had in their possession an old manuscript on vellum, very dingy, which appeared to be an old *Romish* missal. Chisholm wished to take it to Philadelphia for the purpose of finding some one who could read it; but the old man would not let it go out of his hands, for he preserved it as a precious relic.

Thus it may be seen that there may possibly, and not improbably, have been a very early colony of Welsh in America, since they are now found only in the state of native Indians, and, therefore, the story of Madoc may, after all, be a true and faithful narrative, though it rests on slender evidence."

THE LAME PEDLAR,

A STORY.

"WEE, my bairn," said old Janet Colquhoun to her son, "I have tried lang and sair to mak up my mind to this parting, but I canna say that my heart's reconciled till't yet, Willie. An only bairn is dear, dear to a widowed mother." "And can you think, mother," said the son, "that I can leave an only and a kind parent without a sair struggle? When I look at the very braes about us, and the bonnie burn that I have seen every day of my life, my heart is waeer than I can tell to think of gann away frae them. But I have tell't you, mother, that I maun do something for mysel', as I see every one in the world around me doing; and since this puir weak leg of mine winna let me work at farm labour, like my fathers afore me, I maun e'en try something else; and what could I do better than the plan I have fixed on?" "I am no misdoubting, Willie, but your end's a gude ane, and your plan feasible," replied the mother, "but you're over young yet to set out your lane on the world; little mair than aughten! and the simpleness and singleness of heart that used to be my pride in you, Willie—it's it that gars me fear for you now!" "The deil, mother," said Willie, cheerfully, "is no sae bad, they say, as he's ca'd, and that's the case, I jalouse, wi' the world too; sae ye needna have sae muckle dread about my want of experience. Besides, mother, I'll tell you ae thing that determines me to take without delay to the road. You can keep yoursel' weel enough just now in this bit cot, by the kindness of the gude maister that my father ance wrought to; but when you turn aulder and frailer, and are unable to wash at the farm-house up bye, or to nurse their bairns—mother, I wad fain have something won before the time when charity may be a' your dependence!" "Tears stood in the grateful parent's eyes as her son uttered his last argument, and she made no reply to it in words. On his part, the young man conceived the matter ended by this conversation, and set about completing his preparations for the journey spoken of.

A short time after the conversation recorded, which long remained impressed on the mother's mind, Willie Colquhoun left the banks of his native Teviot, with a small pack slung across his shoulders, in order to try his fortune as a pedlar in the districts adjacent to his birth-place, Roxburghshire. It may be remarked, that in Scotland, among the lower classes, the *lame*, and those who from similar causes are incapable of ordinary work, often take to this trade, having, in their packs, or portable boxes, either a small assortment of jewellery, combs, &c., or of linen cloth, flannel, or other light articles of dress. Willie Colquhoun's father, though but a common cottar or farm-labourer, had left behind him, at his death, a small sum of money, and this, with a little assistance from the generous farmer on whose grounds the cot was situated, furnished the lame boy with a small store of the articles first mentioned as constituting the usual contents of the pedlar's pack. It was among the farm-houses, and other places distant from the large towns,

that such things, of course, were chiefly sold by persons of this class. With this explanation of the equipment with which Willie Colquhoun entered upon the world, we shall now pursue his personal history.

Though he had been long extremely delicate in health (which was, indeed, the cause of his being put to no trade), Willie Colquhoun, at the outset of his career as a pedlar, had become tolerably strong and healthy, and but for a little deformity in one of his limbs, would have been set down as a well-looking youth. He was not able to take a long journey at a time, but this was scarcely necessary, as his youth, his ingenuous countenance, and pleasing simplicity of manners, generally procured him an invitation to eat and rest at almost every country house where he stopped to "turn a penny." No business ever depended so much for success upon *manners*, as the pedlar's, and Willie soon found out the *knack*, being both willing and intelligent. After having roamed, therefore, for two or three months about the border counties, he found that he had both gathered a little sum of money, and had increased his store, which he had taken every opportunity of doing, by buying articles, when he could, to advantage. Willie had, an setting out, resolved not to go home (if all was well with his mother) until he had gathered something worthy of presenting to her. After writing to her, accordingly, and hearing in reply that she was well, our lame traveller entered England, to try his fortune with the rich and generous southron.

Bettering his store and increasing his means at every step by his unceasing industry, Willie Colquhoun wandered for the greater part of two years through the fertile counties of England. Several times during this period had he written to his mother (to whom he transmitted, on one occasion, the sum advanced by the farmer), and more than once, by waiting at an appointed place till an answer came, had he heard of her continuing welfare, and of her deep joy at his. At last, his desire to see his beloved parent's face once more became irrepressible, and he resolved to turn his steps homewards. He was at this time in the very southernmost parts of England, and set out on his route through the western side of the country, towards Scotland. On reaching Bristol, which lay in his way from the quarter where he had been, an accident befel him, which had most momentous consequences, though seemingly of no importance at the time.

After having staid one night in Bristol, Willie left the humble lodgings where he had slept, in order to proceed to Gloucester. Being totally unacquainted, however, with Bristol, he had some difficulty in finding the proper direction in which to leave the city. While he was walking slowly through one street, uncertain as to this point, he asked a butcher's boy, who chanced to pass by with a *sheep's head* hanging from his hand, "Which was the right road to gang to Gloucester?" "There, Scot," said the lad, half scornfully half good-naturedly, swinging the sheep's head round, and pointing with it behind him, as he turned himself half about; "there, Scot, straight before you!" Willie thanked him and moved on, too much accustomed to have his national accent noticed to think any thing about that part of the lad's address. The traveller found the direction given to him to be correct, and was soon out of Bristol, and on the road to Gloucester. It was not until he had fairly left the former city, that he discovered a considerable number of spots or stains of blood upon his coat, which he immediately conjectured the butcher's boy, either intentionally or otherwise, to have cast upon it in swinging round the newly severed head which he carried. Willie's coat was an olive-coloured one, formed of the stuff called *mole-skin*; and after rubbing off the blood with his handkerchief, the stains were so far obliterated as to be scarcely perceptible, excepting on a particular inspection. Our traveller thought little of the occurrence at the time, but pursued his journey. Having started early in the day, he was enabled to reach the village of Barsley, eight or nine miles distant from Gloucester, at night. Darkness, however, had set in, a considerable time before this termination of his day's route.

Shortly after his arrival in the village of Barsley, the pedlar found himself comfortably seated by the kitchen-fire of the village inn. A mouthful of bread and cheese, and a mug of ale, sufficed him for refreshment; and after a little unimportant chat with the landlord, he bethought himself of retiring to rest, being too much fatigued to think of opening his pack and endeavouring to do business on this evening. This he reserved for the morrow. Before Willie put in execution, however, his purpose of retiring, two men entered, whom he would at once have set down as constables from their appearance, even if the landlord had not so designated them. These men's looks were eager and excited, and they bent them on the pedlar, who was the only stranger present, in such a way as to make him at once conjecture something uncommon to have occurred. But Willie had the peace of a calm conscience within, and probably the men felt that the expression on his open and ingenuous countenance betokened this, for they ceased to regard him with the same looks as they had done. In the mean time, they had called the landlord to them, and commenced a whispering conversation with him. Willie had some curiosity to know if any thing remarkable had occurred, but, perceiving that the men showed no inclination to make it public, if such were the case, he thought it would be as well to go to his rest. Taking up and lighting the candle which had been placed be-

side him for this purpose, he rose, and was leaving the kitchen, when one of the men, chancing to turn his head at the time, started up and exclaimed loudly, "It is the very man, unlike it as he looks! *Lame* as a Chelsea pensioner!" The other constable and the landlord had started up also at this exclamation. "Come, sir," continued the first speaker to Willie, "we must speak with you." The man then, after whispering a moment with his comrade, desired the landlord to lead them to a private room, whither our hero, startled, but neither afraid nor confused at their request, followed them. On being seated in another room, and being asked his name, &c., Willie simply and briefly gave them an account of his way of life, described his late journey, and whither he was going. In his turn he inquired what had occurred, and was informed that in the course of the day, a man had been found, not far from the Bristol road, wounded mortally, and robbed. He had only lived to say a few words, part of which communication was, that his murderer was *lame*.

Finding Willie's story to be clear and unequivocal, the constables seemed rather at a loss how to act, when the one who had spoken before, after talking for a moment with his comrade, "I should be sorry," said he, "to put an innocent man to trouble, but as it is your chance to be *lame*, we cannot fulfil our duty without subjecting you to a search, as some part of the stolen property is known to us." The pedlar readily gave his assent; but, alas! one of the first things observed by the constables, as the reader may anticipate, was the blood upon Willie's coat! Then did our poor lame pedlar turn pale for the first time; for then, for the first time, did it occur to him that the business might bring him into trouble. His paleness was not unobserved by the men, who next lighted on his handkerchief, also stained with blood! The tone of the constables changed; Willie's explanation of the manner in which the stains came upon his clothes, was of course not believed. In the pedlar's pack or box, also, was found a silver watch. The murdered man had been robbed of one. Why need we linger on these matters? Ere noon of the following day, Willie Colquhoun lay in Gloucester jail, under a strong suspicion of having committed a murder!

Truth, it has been many times said, is more difficult to believe than fiction, and so it may prove to be, perhaps, with this story, though the whole is simply a narrative of facts of very recent occurrence. For several months the unfortunate Scottish lad lay in prison, and when the first assizes, which were to decide his fate, came on, he was simply remanded to confinement—his case being continued over to the next sitting, in the hope that something further would come out respecting the murder. The circumstances that told against Willie were insufficient to condemn him, or even to support a case against him, but, unhappily, he was unable to bring evidence on his own part to explain these circumstances satisfactorily, and substantiate his innocence. His having been at Bristol on the day he stated, and his having given a true account of his way of life, were not sufficient to prove his innocence, as the deed laid to his charge was committed during the very day on which he had travelled from Bristol, and near the same road. Nor was poor Willie, friendless and in a strange country, able to gather, from a distance, testimony in his favour; and, above all, he was unable, from his situation, to set on foot inquiries respecting the butcher's boy whom he had accidentally met in the streets of Bristol, and who had caused him so much unforeseen ill. For, after all, the stains of blood were the real and the strong circumstance against him, as the watch found in his pack had been declared by the relations of the murdered man not to be that taken from the deceased.

When the second assizes came round, the charge against Willie Colquhoun was dropped for want of proof, and after a confinement of nearly twelve months, he was liberated. But in what a condition was he set free! Wasted to a skeleton in body, and truly broken hearted. Accustomed to enjoy, every day of his life, the free air of heaven, confinement had rapidly destroyed his health; the disgrace of the charge, the lonely friendlessness of his condition, and the sickness of hope deferred—of the law's delay—had preyed upon and borne down his spirits. He could not bear to inform his mother of his situation, though his mind pictured her continually pining for tidings of her dear lame boy far away. His name, he knew, would never meet her eye in the public prints, and no one, he rightly judged, who saw it, would tell her. The jail fever, too, had fallen upon him, and he had but newly risen from his pallet, rescued for a time from the jaws of death, when the time of his liberation arrived.

As a matter of course, Willie Colquhoun had his little property restored to him when the charge was given up against him. Perhaps, had his means been all along at his command, he might have been able to prove his innocence. And what, does the reader think, was Willie's first act when he regained his freedom? Though yearning, with a heart full of sad forebodings, to see his mother's face once more, he went straight to Bristol, to make an endeavour to clear his name of all suspicion. After a long search, during which his firm resolve impelled and supported his weak body through the task, he discovered the butcher lad, succeeded in bringing the incident distinctly to his recollection, and procured an attested certificate of what had occurred. It may be observed that this evidence was the more complete, as the boy

confessed that the circumstance of casting the stains was not altogether unintentional. And deep shame and grief did he feel on learning what the consequences of his thoughtless and wanton act, trifling as it was, had been. With the certificate mentioned, Willie returned to Gloucester, and had no difficulty in obtaining a public testimony that the circumstances which had led to his long detention had been satisfactorily explained, and that no grounds for suspecting him of the crime laid to his charge now existed.

These things accomplished, poor Willie fled like a stricken deer to Scotland, to lay his head again to rest on his mother's bosom. Though his mind was now in a measure at ease, he felt a sad consciousness that he would never again be what he had been before his great and unmerited calamity had befallen him. He was forced to take the coach to the neighbourhood of his native Teviot-side, and even the little way which he had to walk afterwards was accomplished with difficulty. His mother was living and well, though sad at heart for her boy. When he entered her cot, she knew him not, until he fell on her neck, and breathed out the word "mother!"

Willie never rose from the bed on which he lay down the hour he entered his home. For some time, indeed, it appeared as if a mother's care and his native air would have relieved him, but consumption (so said the doctor of the district) had fixed upon him as its prey. And so it proved, for ere long he lay by his father's side. But, ere the disease cut him off, he had told all to his friends, by whom Willie is universally to this hour regarded as a victim of the law. And thus ended the career of the lame pedlar boy. His mother lived many years after him, and to the close of her days preserved the pack of her beloved son, and the testimonials of his innocence as her greatest—her bosom treasures. She now lies by his side and that of her husband.

THE FRENCH NEWSPAPERS.

[The following is an extract from the article *Newspapers* in the newly published volume of the seventh edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. The history of newspapers, in Britain, the European continent, the United States, and other parts of the world, is traced in this article with the greatest care; it also contains much curious matter respecting the management of newspapers in England, and concludes with some sensible general observations on the influence of the political periodical press. We have nowhere else met with so elaborate a digest of the desirable information on this important subject. We are glad to be reminded by the advertisements of the *Encyclopædia*, that the present admirable edition has now been carried through three fourths of its career with undeviating regularity—a circumstance of course calculated to inspire confidence of its speedy completion in those who may be inclined to possess themselves of so noble a repository of all that man knows. We observe that, for the convenience of new subscribers, the publishers are about to bring out a new issue in monthly half-volumes.]

NEWSPAPERS were of later origin in France than in England. The earliest notice we have of any publication of this kind, is that contained in Saint Foix's curious *Essai Historique sur Paris*, where it is stated that Renaudot, a physician of Paris, sought to amuse his patients by collecting and circulating news, and thus greatly increased his practice. As the seasons were not always sickly, and the doctor had a taste for news-mongering, he considered that he might turn both his time and his talents to account by giving weekly to his patients some fugitive sheets containing the news of various countries; and for this he obtained a privilege in 1632. But there was really no political press in France until the year 1789, when the Constituent Assembly, in the declaration of rights, decreed (5th October) that the free communication of thoughts and opinions is one of the most precious rights of man, and that every citizen may therefore speak, write, and print freely. This decree, which formally recognised the liberty of the press, at the same time called it into existence. But no distinction was made between the various modes of publication, and no greater securities were required for newspapers than for books and pamphlets. The periodical press was a stranger to the habits of the country, and the public were not prepared for it. Violent and witty pamphlets were indeed written, but no one had yet learned either to write or read a journal. In this respect the *Moniteur*, an official paper, began the education of the community in France. No journals were previously known, except the *Mercur*, the *Gazette de France*, and the *Courrier de Provence*, which had been the depository of Mirabeau's harangues, before the opportunity had arrived for launching them in the National Assembly. As the passions of men became heated, a new brood was hatched, amongst which Marat's *Ami du Peuple*, and Hébert's *Père Duchesne*, enjoyed a bad pre-eminence. The rapidity and acerbity of the pamphlets of the time were suited to the taste of a people which lived upon excitement. Violent alternations of licence and despotism distinguished the most stormy period of the revolution; yet, in spite of the extravagance of the one, and the disproportionate severity of the other, the press continued to make way. Under the consulate and the empire it was subjected to systematic control. No journal could appear without the authority of the minister of the interior; the number of provincial papers was limited to one for each department, and these were placed under the authority of the prefects. On some occasions, however, Napoleon himself became

a journalist, and replied in the *Moniteur* to the manifestoes of the British government. He also encouraged a revival of religious doctrines, the influence of which was felt in literature before it reached the sphere of politics. Of this school the *Journal des Débats* was the centre, and Chateaubriand and Bonald were the organs. Things proceeded in this way till after the disastrous campaign of Moscow, when the liberty of writing and speaking began to be once more asserted, and public opinion was ardently supported by the rising generation; so that, upon the whole, when the French empire was broken up, the press had in some measure taken root in the habits of the country, and the demand for newspapers had become general. Even whilst the expression of opinion was checked, the means of publicity were established and increased. The *Moniteur*, the *Bulletin des Loix*, and the *Journal de la Librairie*, awakened attention to the public interests; each department had a paper of its own; and Paris had already several journals, particularly the *Gazette*, the *Journal de Paris*, the *Quotidienne*, and the *Journal des Débats*, which, under the title of *Journal de l'Empire*, had as many as 20,000 subscribers. Literary criticism was instituted in the daily papers, and gave birth to the *Feuilleton*, to which the pens of Dussault and Geoffroy imparted that sharp and sparkling vivacity which still preserves its traditional charm. At first, however, it was no better treated by the government of the restoration than it had been by that of the empire. Its history during this period is filled with laws and ordinances, succeeding each other at short intervals, and marking the various turns of the conflict between the men of the past and those of the present time, the restored government, and the liberal party, as it is called. But in 1819 a law was passed, which had the merit of acknowledging sound principles respecting the rights of publicity; and by another enactment, made in 1828, a sort of compromise was entered into between the rights of the press and the prejudices of the government. Since the revolution of July 1830, however, a material change has taken place. In 1819, the interest and the position of the parliamentary tribune and the press were identical; since 1830, they have become two distinct and rival powers, one or other of which must ultimately give way. In the meanwhile, the gagging enactments of the year 1835, which characterise the existing legislation, have given a decided preponderance to the tribune, and, through it, to the government.

The French journals fluctuate so greatly, that they can only be described generally in connection with the events of the time. When M. de Villèle came into office, the two organs of the liberal party were the *Constitutionnel* (established in 1815), the *Courrier Français*, the *Journal du Commerce*, and the *Journal de Paris*; whilst the royalist party divided their patronage between the *Journal des Débats*, the *Gazette de France*, and the *Quotidienne*. The *Aristarque* and the *Oriflamme* were then set up by the ultra-royalists; and Villèle established the *Etoile*, an evening paper devoted to the personal defence of the minister. The *Journal des Débats* now seceded from the side of government, and brought over to the liberal party the support of that portion of the middle classes which had espoused the interests of the restored monarchy. The *Globe* and the *Producteur* led on the public to the study of science, literature, politics, political economy, and philosophy, and sowed the seeds of instruction in many minds where they have since ripened into an abundant harvest. The daily papers obtained an entire mastery over public opinion. The *Constitutionnel* and the *Journal des Débats* were really the kings of the multitude; and their slightest hint acted sympathetically upon the resolutions of the community. The administration of M. de Martignac, which was a compromise with the liberal party, abolished the censorship, and reduced the securities paid in by the journals. It only gave birth to one ministerial paper. When the revolution of July broke out, the *Constitutionnel* had a circulation of 22,000, and the *Journal des Débats* of 18,000; and each of the twelve shares in the former journal, which were originally taken at L.200, though the money was never paid, returned a dividend of L.2000. In fact, the revolution of July was the royal reign of the press, when the two journals already mentioned enjoyed an almost supreme authority. But since that period, it appears to have undergone very considerable changes. The republican party was the first to multiply its organs. In a short time it brought out the *National*, the *Mouvement*, the *Révolution*, the *Tribune*, the *Patriote*, the *Avenir*, the *Réformateur*, the *Populaire*, and the *Bons Sens*. The two last were Sunday papers, which only cost one penny each, and were sold by hawkers. As many as 50,000 copies of the *Bons Sens* have been sold in this manner in one day. But the law which subjected the public hawkers to the monopoly of the police, put a stop to this traffic; the republican press shared the same fate as the republican tumults; and subsequent enactments gave it the final blow. The *Bons Sens* and the *National*, however, still maintain a languishing existence as daily papers. From 1832 to 1835, whilst the tiers-parti, headed by Dupin, had a majority in the Chambers and in the country, several journals were published in harmony with that state of affairs, and some of the old ones moderated their tone, or changed their denominations. In 1836, newspapers were founded, not in support of any party or opinion, but purely on speculation, the profits real-

used by a few fortunate journals having tempted adventurers to embark in such undertakings. We may add, that a few enterprising individuals have undertaken to bring the daily press in France to the level of the humblest fortunes, by publishing newspapers at forty francs, or L.1, 12s. per annum. The projector of this system was M. Emile Girardin, deputy of the Creuse, whose own paper, *La Presse*, has obtained a circulation of about 12,000. But the ultimate success of the experiment is far from being certain.

We have no means of ascertaining with any degree of precision the actual number of the French journals, and the extent of their circulation respectively. In an article written in 1829, and inserted in the *Compilateur*, the author, speaking of things as they then stood, says, "There are in Paris a hundred and fifty-two journals, literary, scientific, and religious, and seventeen political; in all, a hundred and sixty-nine. Of these papers a hundred and fifty-one are constitutional, or, as they are called, liberal, the eighteen others being more monarchical in their spirit. The hundred and fifty-one constitutional journals have, it is stated, 197,000 subscribers, 1,500,000 readers, and produce an income of 1,155,000 francs (L.46,200); the eighteen others have 21,000 subscribers, 192,000 readers, with an income of 437,000 francs (L.17,480). The *Moniteur*, the official paper, has from 2500 to 4000 subscribers, principally public functionaries; the *Constitutionnel*, from 18,000 to 20,000 subscribers; the *Journal des Débats*, from 13,000 to 14,000 subscribers; the *Quotidienne*, 5000 subscribers; the *Courrier Français*, 4500 subscribers; the *Journal du Commerce*, 3500 subscribers; the *Gazette de France*, 7000 subscribers; the *Messager des Chambres*, 2500 subscribers; the *Tribune des Départements*, a new paper, 100 subscribers; and the *Nouveau Journal de Paris*, from 1000 to 1500 subscribers. All these are published in the capital. The journals printed in the provinces are calculated at seventy-five, exclusive of papers for advertisements and ministerial bulletins. Of these, sixty-six are constitutional, being supported only by subscribers of the same way of thinking. One, the *Mémorial de Toulouse*, is supported by the archbishop of that diocese; four are, it is asserted, paid from the secret funds of the Jesuits; and the other four are monarchical, but possess little influence." Since the period to which this applies, however, great changes have taken place, and the circulation of some of the leading daily journals has declined.

NOTES ON A FEW SUBJECTS.

DISCOVERY RESPECTING SCOTTISH MUSIC.

It is generally known, that, although the popular melodies of Scotland appear in many instances to have existed from an early age in the nation's history, no direct proof has hitherto been adduced of the existence of any of them before the beginning of the eighteenth century. The first collection of these admired airs that appeared in print, was Thomson's *Orpheus Caledonius*, published in 1725; their history before that era is one of nearly pure conjecture. It will be gratifying to those who regard them as an early emanation of the musical intellect of the people, to learn that a manuscript has recently been discovered in the Advocates' Library, in Edinburgh, ascertained to be of date between 1615 and 1620, and which is found to contain about forty of the popular airs of that time, most of which are still held in esteem. This manuscript belonged to John Skene of Hallyards in Mid-Lothian, the second son of Sir John Skene, the distinguished lawyer, and Clerk Register to James VI. It is written, not in the present notation, but in one of an entirely different kind, consisting of four staves representing the strings of a favourite instrument of that age—the mandour—and having the notes marked upon these in Roman capital letters; so that, for some time, it was in the state of an uninterpreted hieroglyphic. A key having recently been found to it, the airs are now translated into modern notation, and found to be in general very beautiful. Besides forty expressly popular melodies, there are some of the airs to which the fashionable sonnets of the sixteenth century were sung, a few masque tunes, and a great variety of the dances which were in use at the courts of Mary and James VI. The book must have been simply the musical album of the gentleman to whom it belonged—a common-place-book into which he had copied all the then existing tunes which pleased his taste. The most interesting feature of the collection consists, of course, in the tunes which are still popular. Among these we find some of the prime favourites of our own age, as "John Anderson my Jo," "the Flowers of the Forest," "Bonny Dundee," and "the Last Time I came over the Muir." To know that Scotland had produced such tunes more than two centuries ago, must be no small gratification to a Scottish bosom. We have heard several of them sung, and now mention with pleasure that they appear to us even superior to the present sets. "Bonny Dundee," here called "Adieu, Dun-

dee," contains a beautiful run now lost to the tune; and "the Flowers of the Forest" appears charged with much more of the mournful sentiment which it was designed to convey. The general character of the airs conveys the impression that they are here in a state comparatively fresh from the mind of the composer, as if they had undergone fully as much vitiation as improvement in the course of intermediate ages. We understand that the contents of the volume are soon to be published, in connection with the requisite historical illustrations, by a gentleman remarkably well qualified for the task.

EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW.

The grand distinction between our two chief Scotch cities is, that Edinburgh is eminently a talking city, and Glasgow an acting one. The professional and literary population of the former think much, but they do little more than think. They are somewhat like the people alluded to by the Vicar of Wakefield, who remain unmarried, and only talk of population. The manufacturing and commercial population of the western city do not think so much—they have not time for it; but they do a great deal. It is curious to observe how the particular habits and occupations of the individuals who respectively dwell in the two cities, tell upon the conduct of their respective public affairs. Edinburgh would require ten years to meditate upon a thing which Glasgow will do in one. Nor have we ever observed any particular appearance of rashness in what the worthy people of the west have done: they think quite enough about what they have to do, and, when once they have thought, they usually proceed with the thing in such a sensible business-like way, that it is sure to answer the purpose—which, of course, is all that can be desired. Nobody ever heard of a monument standing still for a dozen years, with the prospect of standing still for ever, in Glasgow. Nobody ever heard of a college taking fifty years a-building in Glasgow. Nobody ever heard of any public work being found desirable for the public benefit in Glasgow, but immediately, like the palace of Aladdin, it was there. And the odd thing is, that, even in matters sentimental and intellectual, they "go ahead" of the city that professes to take these matters so especially under its protection. Only the other day, we saw a good lithographic drawing of a handsome monument which the Glaswegians are building to Sir Walter Scott, the Edinburghers all the time cangling about what is to be the form of theirs. Just the other day, too, they opened an extensive and well-appointed normal school, for the education of teachers connected with the national church, while in Edinburgh, we do seriously believe, no more than the most minute fraction of the population know what a normal school is. On the subject of education, Edinburgh possesses a wide fame; but when foreigners, acquainted with the enlightened systems of the Continent, come to inspect the institutions of that kind, we often observe that they go away disappointed. In the midst of much schooling—and good schooling we believe it is—they find only one or two institutions in which there is an exemplification of any advanced views, and only two or three individuals who are paying any attention to the subject—said individuals, of course, only thinking. If these foreigners once learn what is going on in Glasgow, adieu, we fear, to much of the exalted reputation of the Moders Athens, as a seat of education.

Not only have the citizens of Glasgow appropriated the great honour of erecting the first normal school in the country (amongst them, also, it must be recollected, commenced popular lecturing), but they have recently given another proof of their liberality in education, by establishing the first philosophical department connected with a Scotch grammar-school. In the gymnasiums or lyceums abroad, and in several private academies at home,* besides, we believe, in the corporation schools of Liverpool, philosophical departments have been introduced; but in Scotland there was no such thing in union with the grammar-schools, which are the chief schools in our towns, until the present year. The utmost that had been done in those schools was to give a little science in connection with classical education, by means of the same masters. There is now, in the corporation or High School of Glasgow, a "philosophical department," under the charge of a distinct master, for the purpose of instructing all who choose to attend in Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, and Natural History. The fee is only five shillings per quarter, which looks to us, we must confess, amidst the higher charges for the other classes, somewhat like the halfpenny worth of bread amidst the three shillings worth of sack in Falstaff's tavern bill. Mr Hugo Reid, a zealous and accomplished young man of science, whose name lately appeared in

our work in connection with an elementary treatise of Chemistry, is the master. But even this is not all that the "acting" people of Glasgow have done for education, while the Athenians are only thinking about it. The same school has for some years contained an English Department, under the charge of Mr Dorsey, in which there are eight classes, devoted to the following special objects—1, Elementary Instruction, Lessons on Objects, &c.; 2, Readings in Scripture, Natural History, &c.; 3, Readings in General Knowledge, Objects, &c.; 4, British and General History; 5, Elocution, Grammar, Composition (junior); 6, The same (senior); 7, Grammar and Composition (highest); 8, Elements of Logic and Rhetoric, Literature, &c.; the last in itself embracing a most important addition to the seminary. The number of pupils in this English department was last season two hundred and sixty-nine. There are also departments, under particular masters, for mathematics and geography, and for modern foreign languages, writing, and drawing. The classics, formerly taught in this school by five masters, are now taught by two only; (may not the Gonerils and Regans of the present age soon be asking what need even of two?) In short, the High School of Glasgow is now capable of giving a complete education for all general purposes, and forms an example of an improved grammar-school such as cannot fail sooner or later to be universally imitated throughout the country.

INTERESTING SURGICAL CASE.

SURGEONS, in the course of their practice, are occasionally called upon to extract articles of a very extraordinary nature from the human body. Needles and pins, for instance, are sometimes inadvertently swallowed, and go into the stomach, from which they perhaps work their way to the surface of the body, and are extracted by surgical aid. Sharp or pointed pieces of bone which have been swallowed in eating, are known to have been obtruded through the body in the same manner. Nature, as we once before observed, is most energetic in its struggles to expel foreign substances from the body; and if it fail in this its first object, it generally adopts the next best course—endeavours to seclude the substance, by surrounding it with a sack; thus, if possible, keeping it from doing harm to the system. Every effort, however, which Nature makes, is frequently baffled, and art has to be employed to relieve the sufferer.

One of the most remarkable instances of the extraction of a foreign substance from the body, which ever came within our knowledge, has lately been published in the *LANCET* (Dec. 2, 1837). It is the narration of a case in which a steel table-fork was extracted from the back of a common seaman; and being written by the gentleman who operated, Dr David Burnes, of 4, Vernon Place, Bloomsbury Square, London, is worthy of all credence. With the concurrence of Dr Burnes, we lay it before our readers:—

"Robert Syms, aged 23, was entered on the sick list of H. M. ship *Belvidera*, about the middle of June 1831, complaining of pain at the inferior angle of the right scapula, close to the base of which was a small phlegmon, as I then considered it, in the early stage of suppuration. On the 19th of June, I opened 'the boil,' and ordered poultices to be applied, thinking it would heal kindly in a few days. On the 23d, however, on probing the wound, I felt what I first thought was the edge of the scapula, but, on more minute examination, something black and shining was seen in the wound. On the 24th, it being evident that there was some foreign body in the wound, the opening was enlarged directly upwards, and a piece of steel, about the thickness of a common ramrod, presented itself, but resisted strongly any efforts to extract it. Being unwilling to put him to further pain, while there was a chance of its coming away by poulticing, and pulling it with the forceps daily, this gentler course was agreed on in preference to making a further enlargement of the wound. Being questioned as to the nature of the piece of steel, he expressed himself as much astonished as we were at its presence, and said he should not have known it had we not told him, and had he not felt pain from our pulling it with the forceps. He had never been in action, having been only two years in the king's service, nor did he recollect having received any wound by which any thing of the kind could have been introduced. About two inches below the opening made on the 19th, we observed a small white speck, or mark, rather resembling the mark left many years after vaccination, than a cicatrix of a wound. This was the only vestige of any thing like a wound that we could detect in his back.

July 2. The poulticing has been continued, and there is now a free discharge from the wound; the steel has been pulled daily by the forceps, and admits now of further motion, especially laterally, but is yet forcibly retained at its upper part; its direction is nearly parallel with the base of the scapula, close to which it lies, and in its course upwards it seems to incline deep into the substance of the muscles. About an inch of it can be seen when the integuments are retracted. He is averse to further measures; has not

* The Hill Street Institution in Edinburgh, and the excellent boarding-school of Mr Charles Chalmers at Merchiston Castle, are examples of private academies in Scotland where an advanced system of education, inclusive of science, is in practice.

pain except from the use of the forceps. Continue the position.

16. Though the poulticing has been continued, and the steel pulled daily, there is no material alteration since last report, further than that the steel may be moved more freely in every direction, except when pulled directly downwards, when it seems to be retained as forcibly as at first; the probe can be introduced into the wound, upwards and inwards, nearly four inches, and can with some difficulty be made to move round the steel; but no information as to its size or shape can be gained from this mode of examination. It occurred to me, at this time, that it was a hook, and that it might be retained by catching on one of the ribs. Having no pain except from the pulling, and being still averse to the use of the knife, the same treatment was pursued.

August 5. The foreign body having become very little loosened, and now causing more pain on its being moved, I made a deep incision of about three inches in length over its course upwards, using it as a director, when it was easily extracted, and found to be a common kitchen fork, broken off close to its handle, and with one of its two prongs wanting about an inch from its point; it was blackened, and, in some degree, rusted. It seemed to have been retained by a bridle of muscular fibres embracing its shoulders, for it was immediately liberated when the part was divided by the knife. The wound was dressed simply, and healed so soon that in ten days the man was doing duty in the boats and aloft.

[Here is a drawing of the fork, which is exactly the size of forks in daily use, but with the appearance of corrosion, and broken off from the handle. About an inch of the pointed end of one of the prongs is also broken off, and is laid close to the part to which it had belonged. The manner in which this broken off portion was afterwards got, is subsequently narrated.]

Strange as it may seem, even after its extraction, the man persisted in adhering to his original statement of his being ignorant how and when it had been introduced; and during the two months I remained in the ship, I was not able to gain further information on the matter. He seemed to have no defect of memory in any way, for he, without hesitation, gave me every information. I asked as to his former life and habits. He is a native of Topham, Devonshire, has been at sea since he was twelve years of age, and in the merchant service till two years ago, when he joined H. M. ship Tweed, at the Isle of France, and from which ship he was paid off immediately before joining the Belvidera in February last.

Setting aside his own statement altogether, my own opinion is, that it must have been in his back for many months, if not for years, judging from the indistinct and ill-defined mark left, taking it for granted that this was the wound by which it had been introduced, but which is yet problematical, from the little pain he experienced from its presence; and more especially from the knowledge, that, during the previous months while he belonged to the Belvidera, he was never one day off his duty or on the sick list. Your readers are, however, as well able as myself now to form conjectures on the subject.

Having already experienced a difficulty in convincing some sceptical individuals of the facts above related, I may, in justice to your readers and myself, state, that as the case excited great interest, while under treatment the patient was seen by the Hon. Capt. Dundas, Dr Tweeddale, and most of the officers and crew of the ship, and also by Mr Geddes, Mr Chartres, and Dr Jones, surgeons, Royal Navy; and the fork was extracted in the presence of Dr Tweeddale, who assisted me, Mr Yates, and others.

The patient continued to serve in the Belvidera till December 1833, when he joined H. M. ship Blonde, going to South America. Being anxious to trace his future history, in the hope of obtaining some clue as to the introduction of the fork, I was enabled, through the kindness of Sir William Burnett, the Physician-General of the Navy, on the arrival of the Blonde at Portsmouth about a month ago, to communicate with him by letter. The result was, that he came up to London, and, on the 18th of November, called upon me to show himself. He then stated, that, about eighteen months ago, while washing himself, he felt a small hard body on the left side of the neck, which he was inclined to believe was part of the fork. On examining the part, I had no doubt myself of its being the portion of the broken prong, and which I asked permission to extract. He readily assented; but, before the operation, I submitted him to the inspection of Sir William Burnett, Sir Astley Cooper, Sir Stephen Hammick, Mr Liston, and other gentlemen, who corroborated my opinion as to its being a portion of the fork, and recommended its extraction. On the 20th, in the presence of Mr C. Smith, surgeon, I made an incision over it (its position being just behind the middle part of the posterior edge of the sternocleidomastoid muscle, where it is crossed by the external jugular vein), when it was easily removed, and proved to be the prong, which had the same bronzed appearance as the fork itself, and was coated with rust as its fractured end. It does not exactly join with the fork, and I am inclined to think some very minute splinters may have been broken from it when fractured, or some chemical action while in the body may have corroded it.

It is singular that he had never suffered pain from it, although it had crossed from the right side of the

back to the left side of the neck. I was only induced to extract it from its superficial position, and the singularity of the history, yet it is possible it might, in time, have advanced still farther, and have injured the carotid artery, or trachea.

Though cross-questioned by all who saw him, he still repeats his former story of being innocent as to the introduction of the fork. As he felt little inconvenience from my incision, he has left town with the intention of joining H. M. ship President; for another three years' cruise, and, from what I know of him, I am convinced my steel-backed friend will do credit to the wooden walls of Old England."

No rational person [adds the editor of the *Lancet*] can for a moment suppose that the ignorance of the man was real. The wound caused by such an instrument must have been in the highest degree severe, and an effort to withdraw it appears to have been the cause of the forcible fracture near the handle. The persevering manner in which Dr Burnes has followed up this interesting case, is praiseworthy, and does credit to his professional industry.

DAVID SPROT, THE VILLAGE FELON.

THE world has already stamped with its approbation the traits and stories of village life which Crabbe transferred to his unflattering page. It has often occurred to us that the same effect might be produced (bating for inferiority in the power of the writer) by using the same class of literary materials in plain prose. There is nowhere a small cluster of population, in which human nature is not occasionally putting itself into remarkable attitudes and relations, which the poet might sing and the philosopher moralise upon. Either some strong passion is leading to misery, or some blessed affection is smoothing the path of pain. Some are experiencing the smiles of prosperity, while others are declining into the region of indigence and hardship. Some are models of patient contentment, and others, in their ambitious struggles, trespass beyond the verge of rectitude. We recollect, in our own native village, a character exactly of the kind which Crabbe would have delighted to chronicle. His story, if it can be properly so called, having no plot to be unfolded or point to be arrived at, is as follows:—

David Sprot was an old man who had been a small farmer in his youth, and ultimately settled in the village as a butcher in a limited way. He was a plain, simple-looking person, with an ungainly gait, and great slovenliness of attire; but the very weakness of his frame caused him to be regarded with a degree of compassionate interest, which in the end proved favourable to the concealment of his errors. He had married in later life a young volatile woman, who brought him a large family of small children; and the struggles of the poor man to maintain this numerous brood, tended to deepen the benevolent feeling with which his neighbours regarded him. David was, in all external respects, such a character as to secure esteem in a village circle. He was a regular attender upon the public services of religion; his domestic habits were quiet and unassuming; and his conversation was sensible and agreeable. He was also a kind and indulgent father, and a gentle and affectionate husband. He extended his benevolence beyond the domestic circle. If a boy wanted, gratis, any of the viscera of the sheep which he killed, for any purpose of sport, David readily gave it. He never grudged a collop, or a piece of liver, for the *kues* and *haws* kept by the young gentlemen at the boarding-school. In buying and selling of the few sheep that went through his hands, and in his butcher-business, he was generally thought simple to a fault; but this only supported the general impression of his honesty. His meat or flesh was, perhaps, not always of the best kind; but then, poor body! his means were but small (said his neighbours), and, after all, it was really wonderful how well he contrived to make ends meet.

Such was the general character and position of David Sprot in the days of his supposed innocence. Suddenly, however, the scene changed; and never did change excite more surprise, in a village circle, than this. David Sprot was taken to prison as a sheepstealer, it being clearly shown that he had deserved that appellation for many long years. Night after night, it was proved that this inoffensive-looking old man must have prowled at all hours over the hills and fields of the district, plundering wherever an opportunity presented itself. One of the first circumstances which led to suspicion, if not to detection, was this. An inhabitant of the village, who had a small grass park or croft in the neighbourhood, chanced to walk out one evening, when it was a little dusky, to see to the safety of a

pet lamb or sheep, which grazed there both night and day. To his surprise, he found David Sprot in the act of deliberately nicking, or cutting a piece out of, the creature's ears. David Sprot was a little confused on being discovered in this act, but, in his quiet simple way, excused himself on the ground of having done it for some good to the creature's health! The proprietor of the pet thought this kindness rather equivocal, and did not scruple to say so, both at the time and afterwards. It was all explained in the end, being by every one regarded as a precautionary measure on the part of Sprot, previous to the abstraction of the animal. In a few days, the nick or cut would have healed, and, provided the proprietor had not observed it in the interval, would have effectually prevented him from identifying it satisfactorily, had it been detected in Sprot's possession. For, if David could have pointed to an old, healed mark of this kind, he would have overthrown any claim of the owner in a court of law, as this mark would not have been in the owner's description of the animal. This was the explanation, adopted by the villagers, of David Sprot's nicking of the pet's ear, after all had come out.

To return, however, from this episode to the main thread of the story. The deeds for which Sprot was taken to prison were of a much more heavy and determined description than the one described. He was charged with stealing many sheep, at various times, from flocks in the country around. At first, many people could scarcely believe that the harmless-looking old man was a midnight reaver; he seemed to be even physically incapable of assuming the character. And how had he contrived to conceal it so long? The charge proved to be only too just, and his mode of concealing his practices to be very remarkable.

At an outskirt, or sort of old corner of the village, David had a covered hut or barn, where he ostensibly killed the sheep and calves (for he never reached the honour of cutting down larger cattle) whose flesh he sold. This hut was separated almost entirely from all the other houses of the village, and was situated close by the edge of a steep bank covered with trees. From this peculiarity of position, it chanced that the back of the hut was visible from no spot where any body could command a sight of it. This retiredness was of great service to the owner, in the prosecution of his "vocation." Between the back of the hut and the bank, there was a small space, which he walled in, and covered over with turf, leaving only one ingeniously concealed entrance to it from the hut. In this space, apart from mortal eyes, and also from mortal hearing (for the *baaing* might have excited suspicions at some times), David kept concealed the creatures which he picked up, as opportunity served, from the hillsides around. It may strike some that all this secrecy was scarcely necessary, seeing that he must have been incessantly in the habit of buying in a fair way, and having sheep about his premises; as his thefts could only take place at occasional times. The old sheepstealer knew better. He was aware that he never was safe until the animals he purloined were not only skinned, but the wool also pulled. The marks, put by every farmer upon his sheep, might otherwise have betrayed David to some prying eyes; for it must not be supposed that the sheep which he contrived to carry away were not frequently missed from their respective flocks or folds. A secret receptacle therefore was indispensable, else some shepherd, visiting David for the purpose of selling some pet lamb of his own, might have detected and blown up the whole affair.

And, in fact, in this very way the plunderings of Sprot were at last detected. How long he had carried on his secret practices, it is impossible to say. Success probably made him grow less cautious than formerly, and, indeed, this is apparent from his having at length ventured to cast his eye on a neighbour's single sheep, as already mentioned, the abduction of which must have caused, he could not but be aware, considerable stir in the place. While David lay in prison, previous to his trial, it was amazing how many circumstances came out, leading to the impression that his liftings must have been frequent and considerable. Yet there were many people that could not be made to participate in this impression—he was so unlike such acts, the simple-looking old man! But the Lords of Justice, and the jury, when the case came before them at the first district circuit, held David Sprot to be guilty of the charges, several in number, brought against him, and he was sent to pass the remainder of his years on another side of the world. It is probable that ere this, in the course of nature, he has found a grave in the land of Van Dieman, or by the cove of Sydney.

To the family the father's errors were most disastrous. Crime of all kinds, in such a place, is regarded with horror. The people therefore shrunk from the poor woman and her children, as if loathing the very sight of them. It would be a painful tale to narrate the miseries which they for some years endured. One of the children, whose mind was of an unusually sensitive kind, died soon after the father's transportation, of pure grief and wretchedness. The mother fell into errors which still further cut off the sympathies of her neighbours. In short, infamy, mendicancy, and crime, became the lot and the resource of the whole of this hapless family; and if any of them be now living, it must be by virtue of some uncommon circumstance, either in personal character or in fortune. When we reflect on their fate, we can scarcely help impeaching the humanity of society. If, instead of condemning

the innocent connections of the wretched old man to a participation in his misery and degradation, society had established some institution, by which their welfare would have been cared for, and their prospects in the world secured, at least six innocent persons might have been, in all probability, made virtuous members of the community, instead of proving, as they did, a nuisance to it, and a curse to themselves.

NURSING OF CHILDREN—FOR THE PERUSAL OF MOTHERS.

Of all the children born, about the one-half die before they attain five years of age. It is little short of a mockery of creative wisdom, to suppose that this is unavoidable. The great mortality among children, like all human evils, may in a great measure be averted by proper treatment. Every mother who sends for a doctor to her sick infant, is practically of the same opinion. The proximate causes of death in infancy are very numerous; and such is the extreme delicacy of the little tenement of life, that the smallest injury—something quite unforeseen—will often prove fatal in a few minutes. As it is very certain, however, that there is a greater likelihood of preserving the lives of children, when proper care is taken for that purpose, than when there is no care, it behoves every mother of a family to instruct herself in those points which chiefly affect the health of her offspring.

Mothers do not in general act upon regular principles in the early nurture of their infants. The lower class are excessively ignorant, often superstitious, and are generally far from being cleanly, or attentive to a variety of circumstances affecting the comfort of children. The higher class of mothers are perhaps not so ignorant—they are at least able to purchase advice; but they are in the main culpably careless in almost every point with regard to the nurturing and bringing up of their family. Instead of attending to them themselves, they usually hand them over to individuals who are totally unprepared by education for any such duty. It is, indeed, a very curious fact, that the early physical and mental training of the higher orders of society, including those who affect to consider themselves as ranking among the higher, is almost entirely in the hands of the most ignorant females in the country. The class of mothers who generally manage their children most advantageously and with greatest credit, are the wives of tradesmen and men in business; a class who possess a sufficient degree of common sense to guide them in their maternal duties, and are not above attending to their children in their own proper persons. Among this respectable and intelligent class, the parlour is the nursery; and it is from the mouths of the parents that the earliest principles of morality and religion, as well as the rules of external decorum, are first implanted in the susceptible infant mind. If there be one law of nature more imposing than another, it is the obligation which is laid upon mothers to nurture and rear with scrupulous care the tender brood which have been graciously committed to their charge; and what must we say of that woman who recklessly resigns this sacred office to others, and leaves her children either to fall victims to an indifferent mode of treatment, or to grow up with faculties obscured, and perhaps their physical frame debilitated or distorted? In cases in which nurseries apart from the sitting-room of the family are indispensable, they should be placed in an airy part of the house, and be subjected to careful regulations. For example, the sleeping apartment of children should be separated from the day-room, and should have no fire in it during the night. To bring up children night and day in rooms with fires, is most injurious to their health, for the air becomes heated, and keeps the inmates in a constant stew, so that when they are exposed to the ordinary atmosphere, they are liable to colds.

We have been led into these reflections by perusing a small work on the early nurture of children, by Mr Smiles, a medical gentleman residing in a neighbouring country town.* This book is not all that we could wish on the physical management of infants, and in some few points we differ entirely from the writer. Nevertheless, such as the work is, it is one of the best of its kind, for it goes very minutely into infant management, and gives a number of excellent advices in reference to the early training of children.

The following observations on the important department of nursing, appear to us worthy of being widely circulated:—

"From the nature of the infant, and the adaptation of the milk to its growth and development; it is obvious that it ought to have that full and regular supply of this fluid which the full nourishment of the infant constitution requires. Hence the importance, in event of absolute incapacity of the mother, from debility or sickness, to suckle her child, of procuring a healthy nurse to supply her place. The natural relation, however, which subsists between the mother and her own child, cannot be too cautiously interfered with; for sometimes a change to a strange nurse proves more injurious to a tender infant than the continuation of its support on even a much weakened mother. There is a certain adaptation of the mother to the constitution of her own child that renders her, generally speaking, its very best nurse; and unless there be sufficiently strong reasons for dissolving their connection, this natural adaptation should be preserved unchanged.

When it is reckoned absolutely necessary at length to make the change referred to (from the mother to a strange nurse), considerable attention requires to be paid to the relative age of the child, with the period of her nursing of the female that is to be selected; for there exists an important relation here also, not to be overlooked. The milk of the mother is at all times precisely adapted to the age of her infant, and its wants and powers of digestion; and if this adaptation be not observed in changing the nurse, the result is derangement of the whole functions of nutrition. And for these reasons:—when the infant is newly born, digestion is weak in its first performance, and only gradually attains strength with the increasing physical development of the system. On this account, the milk of the mother at its birth is weak and watery, and easily digested. But as the infant becomes older, say four or five months, its body has grown considerably, its waste is greater, and its powers of digestion to supply it, much increased. On this account the milk of the mother becomes considerably stronger with the age of the infant, so as to yield a greater amount of nourishment in less bulk than formerly. Now, if this be not kept in view, painful and serious consequences may ensue. Should a newborn infant, for example, be put to be suckled by a nurse that has given milk for six months previously, the milk is too nutritive; it does not digest easily, and causes derangement of the stomach; or by its over-nourishing or stimulating nature, induces diseases of excitement, to which the infant is constitutionally prone. On the other hand, should a child of six months be put to be nursed on a mother's first month's milk, the opposite consequences ensue: the child is not sufficiently nourished; it becomes weak, and hence equally prone to disease. It is necessary therefore to preserve this important relation between the mother and the child, in so far as lies in our power, as such is in accordance with the clearest dictates of nature and common sense.

Although nature has provided this indispensable supply of nourishment for the infant, sufficient for a time to render it independent of all other kinds of food, she does not intend that this should remain so. The period at length arrives at which this food cannot longer be furnished without serious injury to the mother, and when the objects intended in the first intimate connection between her and the infant are fully accomplished. Teeth now make their appearance, and as these are quite superfluous to the infant in sucking, they are obviously intended for some other purpose. They are given for use; and their appearance is a clear indication of nature, that the food of the infant should now be changed from the mother's milk to what requires the use of the teeth. To prepare the infant for the change of diet, it should be commenced some considerable time before the period of weaning, that the change, when at length made, may not be so sudden as to prove hurtful.

The milk of the mother, when healthy and in abundance, ought to be the infant's almost only food until the fourth or fifth month, after which period some additional nourishment ought to be given—at first once daily, afterwards increased to twice or three times a-day, and this only in small quantities at a time. The most proper food at this early period is thin gruel of rice or oatmeal; panada of bread or rusk steeped in hot water, with the addition of a little fresh cow's milk, and sweetened with sugar. By this means the infant is gradually weaned from its mother's milk by food as nearly as possible resembling it in its nature and nutritive properties. And by degrees these may be alternated with some light animal broth free from fatty matters, and preparations of arrow-root, tapioca, and sago. These latter, however, ought to be well boiled and given very thin, in small quantities at a time, and chiefly at the more advanced stage of infancy." It is also of importance to change occasionally "the articles of the infant's diet; diversifying them from day to day, though in only a small degree, and not repeating the same article of diet several times successively without some intervening change."

Some women, while nursing, addict themselves to very lazy and indulgent habits, and seem to consider that they are entitled to consume a more than ordinary quantity of food daily, and that of the most nutritious kind. Mr Smiles very properly condemns practices of

this nature. "Nurses (he observes) are very apt to run into errors in their diet, that sometimes prove not a little injurious in their consequences. They often overfeed themselves with rich and highly nutritious food, to which, perhaps, they had not been previously accustomed, under the impression that by this means they will produce an overflowing supply of milk to their infant.

A nurse requires nothing more than her ordinary nourishing food, prepared in her customary way, to be taken, perhaps in a little greater quantity than usual; always keeping in view that occasional variation in mixed vegetable and animal diet which is natural and healthy. Let her take what food is necessary to her health and the gratification of her natural appetite, but no more; and she is then, if enjoying sound health, as good a nurse as any management can make her. Nature is here fully competent for her purpose; she has arranged the most suitable means of producing a secretion of milk sufficient for nourishing the infant without the employment of any extraordinary diet on the part of the mother. And here, as usual, what we have principally to do, is rather to prevent interference with her operations, than to direct the adoption of any new plan or system.

When the infant has got the first front teeth, and been accustomed to the use of prepared food, weaning should begin; and from a partial he must now maintain a total independence of his mother's nourishment. This must be very gradually diminished, while the supply of the prepared food is, on the other hand, as gradually increased. The child's supply of suck must first be lessened, and by and by entirely withdrawn through the night, until, as he becomes more completely nourished by the use of the artificial food, and has no further need of his mother's milk, it must be taken from him entirely through the day also.

Weaning should not take place earlier than the eighth or ninth month, or later than the fourteenth or fifteenth; the infant, generally speaking, ought to have the four first front teeth ere it be commenced. This, however, must be regulated very much by circumstances. Should the infant be naturally of a delicate constitution, and have suffered much from teething or any of the diseases of infancy, and the mother's milk continue plentiful and sufficiently nourishing, weaning may be deferred beyond the usual period."

Our next quotation is from that part of the volume which treats of the manner of clothing infants; what is said on this point should meet with prompt attention from mothers:—

"The first covering of the infant's body should be of linen or cotton, which should be regularly changed and aired night and morning, as its dryness and cleanliness, when worn, contributes to preserve the skin healthy and the constitution sound. Above the inner covering, a dress of flannel should be worn, thicker or thinner, and covering a greater or less surface, according to severity of climate and season. Flannel used in this manner, as a part of dress, presents many advantages. It is loose in its texture, and thus retains a considerable quantity of air; and as both this and the flannel itself are bad conductors of heat, they preserve, with little diminution, the animal warmth. By its looseness it affords also a greater surface for the gradual evaporation of the perspiration, which it readily takes up through the inner dress, and thus conveys away without producing too sudden depression of temperature on the skin. On this account its use is resorted to with the greatest advantage in advanced years, when those circumstances which form objections to its being worn nearest the skin in infancy do not apply, but are rather recommendations in its favour.

There is considerable risk of children suffering from exposure to cold during the night, when this agent is most intense, from their tossing off in their restlessness the bedclothes that cover them, as well as from their greater susceptibility of cold during sleep, when the power of the constitution to resist it is considerably diminished. To obviate, therefore, as far as possible, the danger arising from this cause, a long flannel night-gown should be worn over the cotton shirt, sufficient to preserve the child's natural warmth.

We may here notice the management in regard to the covering of the head, as this forms rather an exception to the general rule regarding the careful preservation of warmth over the rest of the body. In the infant, this part should always be kept perfectly cool. In winter, of course, it must be covered with a comfortable cap, when out of doors, but not too heavy or close in its texture—comfort, not warmth, being required of it. Heavy woollen or felt hats should be avoided, as these accumulate too much heat about the head, and thus favour tendency of blood to the brain—an event much to be avoided, as promoting derangement of that most delicate organ, as well as increasing the dangers of teething. Within doors, if covered at all, it should be only with a cap of the thinnest texture. It is better indeed, after two months old, to leave the child's head altogether uncovered, unless by the covering which Nature has provided for it. Non-confinement of the hair greatly promotes its growth; and when well grown, it is of itself quite sufficient for the comfort and safety of the child's head. Even in sleep the same rules must be observed; the head must be kept quite cool. It has become much the custom to allow children, when well advanced, to sleep without any head covering; at all events, only a very thin cap ought to be used."

* Physical Education, or the Nurture and Management of Children, by R. Smiles. Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd; London, Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

THE AUTOMATON VIOLIN-PLAYER.

THE famous automaton flute-player of Vaucanson, an ingenious Frenchman of the reign of Louis XV. (see Chambers's Journal, No. 245), has at length been excelled by an automaton violin-player, made by a Monsieur Marreppe, and exhibited before the Royal Conservatory of Paris. In a late number of *Galignani's Messenger*, the following account is given of this surprising piece of mechanism:—"Our informant, M. Bruyere, who was present, thus describes it:—"On entering the saloon, I saw a well-dressed handsome figure of a man, apparently between forty and fifty, standing with a violin in his hand, as if contemplating a piece of music which lay on a desk before him; and had I not gone to see an automaton, I should have believed the object before me to have been endowed with life and reason, so perfectly natural and easy were the attitudes and expression of countenance of the figure. I had but little time for observation before the orchestra was filled by musicians, and, on the leader taking his seat, the figure instantly raised itself erect, bowed with much elegance two or three times, and then, turning to the leader, nodded, as if to say he was ready, and placed his violin to his shoulder. At the given signal, he raised his bow, and, applying it to the instrument, produced, à la Paganini, one of the most thrilling and extraordinary flourishes I ever heard, in which scarcely a semi-tone within the compass of the instrument was omitted, and this executed with a degree of rapidity and clearness perfectly astonishing. The orchestra then played a short symphony, in which the automaton occasionally joined in beautiful style; he then played a most beautiful fantasia in E natural, with accompaniments, including a movement allegro mollo on the fourth string solo, which was perfectly indescribable. The tones produced were like any thing but a violin, and expressive beyond conception. I felt as if lifted from my seat, and burst into tears, in which predicament I saw most persons in the room. Suddenly he struck into a cadenza, in which the harmonics double and single, arpeggios on the four strings, and saltos for which Paganini was so justly celebrated, were introduced with the greatest effect; and after a close shake of eight bars' duration, commenced the coda, a prestissimo movement played in three parts throughout. This part of the performance was perfectly magical. I have heard the great Italian, I have heard the still greater Norwegian, I have heard the best of music, but I never heard such sounds as then assailed my ear. It commenced *ppp*, rising by a gradual crescendo to a pitch beyond belief; and then by a gradual *motendo* and *colendo* died away, leaving the audience absolutely enchanted. Monsieur Marreppe, who is a player of no mean order, then came forward amidst the most deafening acclamations, and stated, that, emulated by the example of Vaucanson's flute-player, he had conceived the project of constructing this figure, which had cost him many years of study and labour before he could bring it to completion. He then showed to the company the interior of the figure, which was completely filled with small cranks, by which the motions are given to the several parts of the automaton at the will of the conductor, who has the whole machine so perfectly under control, that Monsieur Marreppe proposes that the automaton shall perform any piece of music which may be laid before him within a fortnight. He also showed, that, to a certain extent, the figure was self-acting, as, on winding up a string, several of the most beautiful airs were played, among which were 'Nel cor piu,' 'Partant pour la Syrie,' 'Weber's last waltz,' and 'La ci darem la mano,' all with brilliant embellishments. But the *chef d'œuvre* is the manner in which the figure is made to obey the direction of the conductor, whereby it is endowed with a sort of semi-reason."

MINUTENESS OF ATOMS.

Goldbeaters, by hammering, can reduce gold leaves so thin, that 282,000 must be laid upon each other to produce the thickness of an inch; yet those leaves are perfect or without holes—so that one of them laid upon any surface, as in gilding, gives the appearance of solid gold. They are so thin, that, if formed into a book, 1500 would only occupy the space of a single leaf of common paper; and an octavo volume of an inch thick, would have as many pages as the books of a well-stocked ordinary library of 1500 volumes, with four hundred pages in each. Still thinner than this is the coating of gold upon the silver wire of what is called gold lace, and we are not sure that such coating is not of only one atom thick. Platinum and silver can be drawn into wire much finer than human hair. A grain of blue vitriol, or carmine, will tinge a gallon of water, so that in every drop the colour may be perceived. A grain of musk will scent a room for twenty years, and will have lost little of its weight. The carrion crow smells its food many miles off. A burning taper, uncovered for a single instant, during which it does not lose one thousandth of a grain, would fill with light a sphere four miles in diameter, so as to be visible in every part of it. The thread of the silk-worm is so small, that many of them are twisted together to form our finest sewing thread, but that of the spider is smaller still, for two drachms of it, by weight, would reach from London to Edinburgh, or four hundred miles. In the milt of a cod-fish, or in water in which vegetables have been infused, the microscope discovers animalcules, of which many thousands together do not equal in bulk a grain of sand; and yet nature, with a singular prodigality, has supplied many of these with organs as complex as those of the

whale or the elephant; and their bodies consist of the same substance, or ultimate atoms, as that of man himself. In a single pound of such matter, there are more living creatures than of human beings on the face of this globe. What a scene has the microscope opened to the admiration of the philosophic inquirer! Water, mercury, sulphur, or in general any substance, when sufficiently heated, rises as invisible vapour or gas; that is, reduced to the æthereal state. Great heat, therefore, would cause the whole of the material universe to disappear, and the most solid bodies to become as invisible and impalpable as the air we breathe. Few have contemplated an annihilation of the world more complete than this.—*Newspaper Paragraph.*

CONTRADICTION,

A TALE.

In Anster, long since, in the shire o' Fife,
There lived a man who wanted a wife;
A fisher he was, most stout and bold,
With a temper much more hot than cold;
And he often said that whoe'er married him
Should be somewhat like his wherry trim,
Obedient in all to the lawful force
With which he, as steersman, should guide her course,
And that with her sterns she should not afflict him,
Nor for her life once contradict him,
But, whatever he might do or say,
She should look on't as law, and let it have way.
In time, as things will come to pass,
This fisher heard of a Dysart lass,
Who was most modest, mild, and meek,
With lips that looked as they scarce could speak;
In short the very thing he wanted;
So love was soon asked, and soon was granted.
The pair were wedded, and he with pride
Brought home in his boat his gentle bride,
But, as they were cruising along the shore,
He saw what he had not seen before;
For she, when asked by the jolly bridegroom
To sit aside a little for room,
Had scarcely moved from her place one minute,
When back again he saw her in it;
And this in so quiet and mild a way,
As if she both would, and would not, obey.
The act was a trifle—might mean no harm,
But yet it gave him a little alarm.
And full soon his meaning came plain to view,
And full soon our fisher began to rue;
For ere the first month was past and gone,
The lady's voice had changed its tone,
And to every thing he did or said
An opposition she made;
Till finding himself so greatly thwarted,
He swore he was nearly broken-hearted.
A wrangling year had passed away,
When, going one morn at break of day,
To launch to the fishing, he found that his boat,
Which only last night he had left afloat,
Was cut and run, out of sight at sea,
Leaving only a stump of rope on the key.
Some ill-willing neighbour had done the deed—
At least this was part of our fisher's creed.
So he hastened home and told his wife,
How some rogue had cut loose his boat with a knife;
The stump of rope at the same time he rears—
"My dear," said she, "you must mean with shears:
The cut is of that kind clear and plain."
"A knife say I," quoth the husband again.
And to it they went on this nice little matter,
Till he swore she would kill him outright with her clatter;
And, enraged at last beyond all enduring,
He would try her, he said, with a new mode of curing;
So straight to the pier he dragged her down,
And, holding her o'er by the skirts of her gown,
He dipped her into the brimming flood,
And kept her there for a minute good,
Then, drawing her up, he asked her how
She thought the rope had been severed now.
Quoth she, all gasping, "By shears, by shears!"
Down again she went over head and ears.
And this time he vowed she should have a good sup
Of the bitter brine ere he drew her up;
So he kept her in for two minutes at least,
So that, when she came up, all speech had ceased.
Still, still, however, speaking or dumb,
She would not to her man succumb:
So, when the question again was put
As to how she thought the rope was cut,
She just held up a finger tip,
And made it against the next play clip:—
A sign that truly, dip as he will,
She was of the same opinion still.
That sign was the map of the scissors of Fate,
For down she was plunged again by her mate,
And left to float away on the Firth,
And ne'er was seen again on earth.
Now all you wives from Stirling to Crail,
Take warning by this dismal tale,
And, if with husbands you would have your way,
See that you don't the design betray;
Do nothing with them against the grain,
Or speak what will make them speak again;
You may rule, I assure you, without restriction,
But never, oh never, by contradiction.

HOW TO CURE A HUSBAND.

A woman, whom her husband used frequently to beat, went to a cunning man, to inquire how she might cure him of his barbarity. The sagacious soothsayer heard her complaint; and after pronouncing some hard words, and using various gesticulations, while he filled a phial with a coloured liquid, desired her, whenever her husband was in a passion, to take a mouthful of the liquor, and keep it in her mouth for five minutes. The woman, quite overjoyed at so simple a remedy, strictly followed the counsel which was given her, and, by her silence, escaped the usual chastisement. The contents of the bottle being at last expended, she returned to the cunning man, and anxiously begged to have another, possessed of the same virtue. "Fool," said the man, "there was nothing in the bottle but brown sugar and water. When your husband is in a passion, hold your tongue, and, my life for it, he will not lay a finger upon you."

THE NEAPOLITANS.

Dark and dismal is the condition of the people of Naples, as regards education. The absence of all means of enlightenment, and the deprivation of newspapers, leave the mass in a deplorable state of ignorance. What do you think of Naples, with its 450,000 inhabitants, having a *single newspaper to itself*, nearly as large as two leaves of a quarto book? What do you think of its informing its readers that his majesty, with becoming piety, went in state, on the preceding day, to pay his annual devotions and thanks to St. Gennaro, for having arrested an eruption of Vesuvius by a miracle, and saved the lives of his faithful people? In Paris, and most French towns, *Cabinet Littéraire* is an attractive sign to the curious traveller, as it promises newspapers and journals for perusal at a very moderate rate. In Naples, it was the first thing I looked for, and near the hotel, I saw one with pleasure. Next day I went in, paid my money, and was ushered in. I looked around for the news-room, but no such place was apparent. I saw, indeed, a copy of *Galignani* and one of the *Naples papers*, lying on a table, but regarded them as only the advanced guard of the main body, and was astonished to discover that they were the whole stock! This was the chief or only reading-room. I was told that formerly they had French papers, but that the postage was now so great, and the papers were so often seized, that they were forced to give them up. Every thing foreign is distrusted, prohibited, or heavily taxed, and every possible restriction placed on trade. The tailor asserted, and I am told with truth, that he paid *four dollars* of duty on the English cloth sufficient to make my *suitout*. Cotton is grown, and manufacturing forced, but the produce is so coarse, that nobody can help it will wear their cloth. The result is, that with a fine port, a splendid bay, a rich country, a dense population, and an admirable situation for trade, they have few vessels, and a harbour enjoying the repose of the dead, unless when the steam-boats from France come in. If the schoolmaster be really "abroad," certain it is that he has not taken Naples in his route; but to make up for the want of him, the lottery man is omnipresent, and has a crowd of followers at every lodge. Every twentieth shop is a lottery office, and the more public the place, the better it is, for you will often find from ten to fifteen customers at one time than a smaller number, at least when the drawing approaches, which is once a week. Blindness is distressingly prevalent. Speaking of steam boats, those here are immediately dear. From *Marselles* to Naples (five hundred miles) you pay two hundred and forty francs without food! From *Leghorn* to *Genoa* or *Civita Vecchia*, sixty or sixty-five francs, the run being little more than from *Aberdeen* to *Leith*!—*Letter in a newspaper, from an Englishman at Naples.*

KNOWLEDGE OF GEOGRAPHY.

"Pray, ma'am," said an old woman to her neighbour, whilst standing at their cottage doors, "can you tell me if Mrs Stubbs is now in England?" "No, ma'am," answered the other, "she is not; she is gone to some place, I forget the name of it, but it is in the Fens of Lincolnshire." "Ah!" answered the interrogator, "I heard she was in bad health; she is gone there, I dare say, to try to get well, for the place you mention is what, I believe, they call the Continent."

GOOD PRICES FOR SLAVES.

The following advertisement appeared lately in a newspaper of one of the southern states of America:—"We wish to purchase one hundred and fifty likely young negroes, of both sexes, from twelve to twenty-five years of age, field hands; also mechanics of every description. Persons wishing to dispose of slaves would do well to give us a call, as we are determined to give higher prices for slaves than any purchaser who is now, or may be hereafter, in the market. Any communications in writing will be promptly attended to. We can at all times be found at our residence at the west end of Duke Street, Alexandria, D. C.—Franklin and Armfield."

INSECTS.

Dr Imhoff, in a work presented to the Society of Natural History, at Bale, has estimated the number of insects now known at 560,000 species, Germany alone containing 14,000.

The present number of the Journal completes the sixth volume of the work, for which a title-page and copious index are prepared, and may be had on application to the publishers or their agents, at the usual price of a number.

END OF THE SIXTH VOLUME.

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